

S O N G S

A N D

P O E M S,

B Y

p571.

JOHN CRAIK.

*K*

ENTERED IN STATIONERS HALL.

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D U N D E E:

Printed for, and sold by the Author.

1792.

20702

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JOHN C. RAY

ENTERED IN STATIONERS HALL





TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N,

LORD-VISCOUNT ARBUTHNOTT.

MY LORD,

IT is well known to your countrymen at large, what an excellent and humane disposition you ever possessed, even from a child:—I, therefore, humbly confiding in your goodness, beg leave to dedicate this small performance to your Lordship's patronage. If it shall please you to accept this my weak, though dear offspring to the public, I shall ever remain,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

most obedient,

most humble, and

devoted Servant,

J O H N C R A I K,



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( 2 )  
SONGS and POEMS.

*An Acrostic on LORD ARBUTHNOTT.*

Lords, Earls, and Dukes, comes far behind  
O f brave ARBUTHNOTT's noble mind.  
R eflection, reason, candour meet,  
D wells in his soul so rich compleat.

A nobleman is every way,  
R ejoices goodness to display.  
B rave soul, how does his graces flow;  
U nknown to every thing that's low.  
T rue greatness makes his virtues shine,  
H is worthiness surpass my rhyme.  
N o one I know so kind and good;  
O, noble Lord, so far from proud.  
T his country well of thee may boast,  
T he glory of our northern coast.

*An Acrostic on LADY ARBUTHNOTT.*

L ove! what is love! 'tis light divine,  
A Lady who in love does shine.  
D elightful picture, could my muse  
Y our image bright to all diffuse.

A h! worthy she! of noble mind,  
R ich in each grace, so lib'ral kind.  
B eing truly good, as truly great,  
U nmatch'd by few in mind and state.  
T rue greatness sure consists in love;  
H ow useful does this Lady prove.

A

Not

Not many of such tender heart,  
 O, freely does the poor impart.  
 'T is goodness, greatness, fills her breast,  
 The guardian friend of the distressed.

*A Poem on DUNKELD.*

<sup>1</sup>  
**M**Y curiosity me led  
 To view ancient Dunkeld;  
 But how I there was so surpris'd,  
 I scarce have words to tell.

<sup>2</sup>  
 To see such accommodations good,  
 In such a northern clime,  
 Surpass my power for to describe,  
 And baffles all my rhyme.

<sup>3</sup>  
 One Smyttan there, head vintner,  
 Keeps tavern neat and clean;  
 Dundee, Montrose, in these large towns  
 I no such house have seen.

<sup>4</sup>  
 Has eighteen rooms rich furnished,  
 Yea some of them so grand,  
 Fit to receive the greatest one,  
 Who comes to view our land.

<sup>5</sup>  
 The vintner himself is kind,  
 The mistress so genteel,  
 That strangers, if they civil are,  
 They cannot use but well.

<sup>6</sup>  
 If one but for a dinner call,  
 They'll send him as much meat,  
 As well might serve a dozen men,  
 Tho' largely they should eat.

<sup>7</sup> They



They always keep the best of meat,  
 And salmon in great store;  
 There's rum and wine, and brandy good,  
 Could one desire ought more.

Their charge is not extravagant;  
 Their usage ever kind,  
 That gentlemen may well rejoice,  
 This civil house to find.

Come let us now launch forth abroad,  
 The town at large to view;  
 You'll find it handsome, neat and clean,  
 Altho' the streets are few.

The palace of the Duke appears  
 So elegant and fair,  
 That most of all our southern domes  
 Cannot with it compare.

The trees, the gardens, and the walks  
 Adjacent to the place,  
 Gives lustre to the ancient seat  
 Of Athol's Duke, his grace.

But Oh! alas! the people mourns,  
 Laments and weeps right sore,  
 Because the worthy Dutchess' gone,  
 Can tread these walks no more.

Her character's above my pen,  
 Her virtues shone so clear,  
 That all who knew her could not do  
 But love this Lady dear.

Her piety exemplary was;  
 She fear'd and prais'd the Lord,

Companions made of those who wish'd  
His name should be ador'd.

The children small of poor she took,  
Paid one to learn them read;  
Yea, kept them handsome in their dress,  
And gave them daily bread.

The Sunday's school she did erect,  
Does honour to her name;  
I must away, her graces far  
Surpass my feeble theme.

Come let us now the river view,  
So softly for to glide;  
Step you along the pleasant walks,  
Upon the river side.

Go west and view the Hermitage;  
That work so wond'rous grand;  
You'll cry in rapture, No such place  
Appears in fair England.

'Tis nature join'd with art and skill,  
Appears so very bright;  
You'll gaze and wonder, much admire  
The lustre of the light.

The water falls from ragged rocks,  
Makes a melodious sound;  
What can delight, attract the heart,  
Seems here for to abound.

Let us now leave the pleasant spot,  
Ascend the mountain's brow;  
You'll have a pleasant walk indeed;  
The walks on rocks are few.

22

An ancient grotto here you'll find,  
Cut out in solid rock,  
A bed of heath, a door of stone;  
Think not this place a mock.

23

A little house below this hill,  
How useful it to find,  
Where one can a refreshment have,  
As gentle's ever kind.

24

The poultry-house and the fish-pond,  
I only them shall name,  
But to describe these pleasures all,  
Requires too long a theme.

25

This poem on Caledonia,  
I now shall quickly end;  
I humbly hope his Grace the Duke,  
It noways can offend.

*A Poem on CARSE GRAY.*

**F**OR situation, fair Carse Gray  
May with good reason claim  
To be the flower of Angus-shire,  
The glory of the fame.

2

What view it has of large extent,  
Belonging to the place;  
To view so distant, far and wide,  
This doth it greatly grace.

3

What fruitful fields, what pleasant plains,  
Unto it does belong;  
These fully to describe in verse,  
Surpass my feeble tongue.

A 3

4 April

4  
 April fifteenth, upon that day,  
 This pleasant place did view,  
 No wheat so good I then espied,  
 In all the country thro'.

5  
 The grass so green and flourishing,  
 Yea, every thing so fair,  
 I know no place in different shires  
 With Carse Gray can compare.

6  
 It lies upon a pleasant front,  
 From Forfar scarce two miles;  
 How warm, how cherishing the sun,  
 All nature here so smiles.

7  
 With water pure it is well stor'd,  
 Lead pipes does it convey  
 Abundantly unto the place,  
 Still brings a new supply.

8  
 What pavement's laid before the place,  
 A green nat'ral indeed;  
 In all the places e'er I view'd,  
 No brighter one I've see'd.

9  
 The house looks ancient like indeed,  
 Tho' not of a large size,  
 No gentleman who has a taste,  
 Carse Gray house can despise.

10  
 The garden's fair, tho' very small;  
 Howe'er I this did hear,  
 A larger one more beautiful  
 The laird means soon to rear.

11  
 The laird's a gentleman compleat,  
 A youth of noble mind,

He



He still behaves genteel to all,  
And proves exceeding kind.

12

As goodness fills his noble soul,  
I trust he'll me excuse;  
If I am wrong in these lame draughts,  
Forgive my feeble muse.

*A Poem on BALLENDAN.*

**S**WEET Ballendean, what pleasant thee  
Excuse me tho' I but faintly name,  
Thy precious things so rare;  
Cou'd I but draw your picture right,  
Few more this land so nat'ral bright,  
What place more rich or fair.

2

From large Dundee, west ten short miles,  
How beauteous dame nature smiles,  
So rich so fresh and gay;  
For situation, wholesome air,  
No place I know can it compare,  
On the sweet banks of Tay.

3

The house of Ballendean's most bright;  
How striking is the sparkling light  
It does so far diffuse;  
All those of taste with pleasure gaze,  
Yea, stand and wonder in amaze,  
Art, nature's so profuse.

4

What natural green this house before;  
Dame nature here has lavish'd store,  
Behind fair rising grounds:  
What fruitful trees this place adorn,  
Yea, brighten'd like the smiling morn,  
What pleasures here abounds.

5  
 A hill from Boreas' blasts does screen;  
 How rich in trees so fresh and green,  
 Fair Ballindean's north side:  
 How warm this place who natural lies,  
 What view it has sweet Tay espies,  
 Whose gentle murmurs glide.

6  
 What lib'ral hand such gifts has given  
 Fair Ballindean, so blest of heaven,  
 Canaan, thou pleasant land:  
 Methinks an Eden here is found;  
 Eden, Canaan, that fruitful ground,  
 Was not more rich and grand.

7  
 Impatient, I must hasten now,  
 The garden's situation view,  
 South west, so large and gay:  
 The water-ponds, the curious things,  
 The herbs and flowers who richly springs,  
 I cannot half display.

8  
 Five acres large, if I am right,  
 I this conjectur'd at first sight,  
 Some servants there can tell:  
 A pleasure-house so bright did spy,  
 Some water-ponds who never dry;  
 How pleasant here to dwell.

9  
 What pleasant walks so fresh and green;  
 An artful, curious machine  
 The water makes to rise:  
 All those who ne'er the like did see,  
 How must this strike the curious eye,  
 With wonder and surprise.

10  
 Glass-house, hot-beds, what fruits so rare,  
 By nature, art, the gard'ner's care,

So

So sprightly here appear,  
That all of taste must sure rejoice,  
Exult, breathe out in silent voice,  
How pleasant to live here.

Sir John's a gentleman compleat;  
His lady quick, and most polite,  
They both are kind and good:  
I on their goodness now confide,  
In hopes they'll not my work deride;  
At present I conclude.

*An Acrostic on Miss MARY LAIRD, Strathmartine.*

My muse would paint a Lady bright,  
Inviting, pleasing to the sight;  
So sprightly, charming, and so gay,  
Sure my weak powers can't her display.

Mild, of a nature far from rude;  
A Lady truly great and good;  
Riches and manners has in store,  
Ye, beauty, taste, and what is more.

Lo, what a taste for music's art;  
Ah, how compleat in every part;  
In knowledge this way most excell;  
Right English talks, as I hear tell;  
Delightful, gay, most genteel.

*An Acrostic on Mr JAMES CRAIK, Balglaive.*

In loftier strains could I declare,  
A youth of character so fair;  
Mild, gentle, noble in his way  
Ever strict justice does display,  
So what I write a number say.

Calm, of a chearful sober mind,  
 R evere all should this youth so kind.  
 A h, lovely youth, how happy she,  
 I f once assur'd, posselt of thee;  
 K ind youth I with sweet unity.

*A Poem on ARDOVIE.*

**F**ROM Brechin's town Ardovie lies,  
 Nigh three short English miles;  
 With shrub'ries green most rich adorn'd,  
 How bright here nature smiles.

2  
 What great improvements on this 'state,  
 Within these thirty years;  
 How cultivate's this place indeed,  
 How beauteous it appears.

3.  
 The house within these years was built,  
 What plants does it surround;  
 A garden fair most beautiful,  
 What pleasures here abound.

4  
 The house is elegant indeed,  
 Fair walks this house before;  
 What nat'ral greens does it surround,  
 Nature here's lavish'd store.

5  
 The garden lies south of the place,  
 So fertile and so dry;  
 For situation warm indeed,  
 No place can it outvie.

6  
 How rich in fruits of ev'ry kind,  
 With walks most bright and fair;  
 A rivulet runs this garden through,  
 How beauteous, useful, rare.

7 This



7  
This garden's large, three acres nigh,  
A water-pond therein,  
Great store of fish it does contain,  
Of various form and fin.

8  
Some trees with pears most rich adorn'd,  
Large apples fresh and gay;  
So rich in fruits of ev'ry kind,  
Their worth I can't display.

9  
The washing-house, come let us view,  
This garden lies right east;  
How useful and commodious here,  
What place for those of taste.

10  
A large canal here softly glide,  
With greens so large and fair,  
Trees, plants and shrub'ries them surround,  
What place can this compare.

11  
But most of all what crowns this place,  
The laird and lady's kind;  
Two of such virtuous turn indeed,  
This round you'll scarcely find.

12  
They're decent, sober, and discreet,  
Yea, truly great and good;  
Health, wealth, unto them, happiness;  
At present I conclude.

*A New Song for St JOHN's Day.*

Tune of the Entered Apprentice, or Free and Accepted Mason.

COME Brethren so free,  
In concert agree;

A 6

Cheer

Cheer up your hearts this day upon;

Be glad and rejoice,

Unite in one voice,

To celebrate ancient St John.

2

The great Solomon,

Our noble patron,

Grand master, to Hiram so known;

Yea, many chiefs more,

Our art did adore.

Before we had ancient St John.

3

These chiefs a house rear'd,

How fair it appear'd,

No building so bright e'er was known;

Our chief builder wise,

His work G—d did prize,

Long e'er we had ancient St John.

4

The Sov'reign of all,

Who built the great hall,

In this temple his glory bright shone;

The Builder above,

Our art did approve,

Why not then good ancient St John.

5

Saint John the divine,

With both plumb and line,

Built high on the chief corner-stone;

What a glory to be

Known in masonrie,

Patroniz'd by good ancient St John.

6

Saint John we can prove,

His writings on love,

The strongest e'er mere man has shown;

Then let us aspire,

With love's ardent fire,

To imitate ancient St John.

As love is our tye,  
 In close unity,  
 We Brethren shall chearful go on;  
 Obey our great end,  
 In love this day spend,  
 To celebrate ancient St John.

May love our days crown,  
 In fair Brechin's town,  
 Saint James, our grand lodge, flourish long;  
 With bottle and glass,  
 This day let us pass,  
 To celebrate ancient St John.

Our noble grand Master,  
 Keep him from disaster,  
 Health, wealth, while on earth hereupon;  
 Long life and great peace,  
 May he still possess,  
 To celebrate ancient St John.

Let Wardens who are,  
 Not make the least jary,  
 But smoothness e'er dwell on their tongue;  
 The Brethren among,  
 Let love be their song,  
 So celebrate ancient St John.

*An Acrostic on SOLOMON.*

S hall man despise the female kind,  
 O ur great Creator him assign'd;  
 L ove, happiness to grant.  
 O ur Psalmist's son, himself also,  
 M any a female they did know;  
 O, how can we them want,  
 N o one can shew, the most who know.

*A Poem on BALMUIR.*

**B**ALMUIR, two miles is from Dundee;  
 How sweet and pleasant to the eye;  
 The parks so finish'd off compact,  
 They cannot but one's eye attract.  
 Fair plantings next attract the sight,  
 Who looks so fair and very bright;  
 How pleasant is't these plants to view,  
 E'er you approach this place unto,  
 How nat'ral does the green appear,  
 As you advance this house more near;  
 Dame nature here has lavish'd store,  
 One cannot but this place adore.  
 The house of Balmuir's so compleat,  
 So finish'd off, extremely neat,  
 And so commodious in its size,  
 That all of taste this house must prize.  
 What does the house of Balmuir grace,  
 Fair plantings rich surrounds the place;  
 The fish-pond and the walk so green,  
 Delight the heart, and please the e'en.  
 But most of all this beauteous place  
 The laird and lady doth it grace;  
 Born of high rank, and bred so well,  
 They cannot but behave genteel.  
 The lady is devout indeed,  
 She loves God's holy word to read;  
 She's virtuous in heart sincere,  
 So lives into her Maker's fear.  
 The Grahams of old were men of war,  
 Brave Scottish heroes none could dare.  
 If I this laird could rightly trace,  
 I'd find him of this noble race.  
 His manly looks, his awful grace,  
 Declares him of this ancient race;  
 One clear may see at the first sight,  
 He's sprung of some brave Scottish wight.

He's



He's high in mind this noble soul,  
 No nobleman can him controul;  
 A sportsman good, and so alert,  
 That few can act so swift a part.  
 This gentleman has children fair,  
 Especially brave James the heir,  
 Who's now employ'd in India trade,  
 Which doth the hearts of parents glad.  
 This youth, I hear, is most genteel,  
 Attends his business wondrous well.  
 Tho' young in years, so just and wise,  
 That high and low this youth must prize.  
 The family, tho' young in years,  
 So gay and blooming all appears;  
 If all be true which I hear tell,  
 Few families can them excell.  
 What tho' this poem should seem but lame,  
 Excuse the Bard, O! noble Graham.  
 I well can vouch you are genteel;  
 At present I must bid farewell.

*An Acrostic on SAMPSON.*

S hall I the strength of this man view,  
 A nd wonder how he thousands slew,  
 M en Philistines by name?  
 P oor human strength, a beauteous maid,  
 S o strong a man as this betray'd.  
 O, boasters all think shame:  
 N ever can you make nature new.

*An Acrostic on Nature.*

N ature no one can fully know,  
 A subject deep for man below,  
 T he wisest cannot reach.  
 U nto her dictates we must bend,

Return

R eturn to dust, behold our end,  
E xperience doth preach.

*A new Song on GARDENRY.*

Tune, Free and Accepted Mason.

**C**OME Gard'ner so free,  
And listen to me,  
Your usefulness while I set forth;  
Proud bardy so vain,  
Alas, my weak pen  
Can never declare half your worth.

By your art you contrive,  
Herbs to keep alive,  
Their usefulness and their great worth;  
The ablest pens,  
In the loftiest strains,  
Can never here fully set forth.

**3**  
The Gard'ner who's wife,  
I hope won't despise  
The essay I now shall set forth;  
I'll strain all my powers,  
To name a few flowers,  
Their usefulness and their great worth.

**4**  
St John's wort doth glad,  
If spirits are sad,  
Its virtues I cannot set forth;  
It so doth recruit,  
This precious fruit,  
Could I but declare half its worth.

**5**  
Marshmallows so fair,  
Does ointments prepare,  
Could

Could I this but fully set forth;  
 Has long been esteem'd,  
 By surgeons high deem'd,  
 In many things has a great worth.

6

Next germander now,  
 Thy virtues let's view,  
 Could I them but fully set forth;  
 In fevers relieves,  
 What comfort thou gives,  
 I cannot declare half thy worth.

7

The feverfew next,  
 Has virtues prefixt,  
 Could I them but fully set forth;  
 In dropfies gives aid,  
 Them helps to evade,  
 I cannot declare half its worth.

8

Thou pennyroyal good,  
 For cleansing the blood,  
 Its virtues could I but set forth;  
 In asthma gives ease,  
 Helps many disease,  
 I dare not declare all its worth.

9

Dwarf-elder remains,  
 So good for all strains,  
 Could I but its virtues set forth;  
 Sharp pains it removes,  
 Great remedy proves,  
 I cannot declare half its worth.

10

Alas! I confess,  
 Herbs are numberless,  
 No one all their names can set forth;  
 Come then my weak powers,  
 And name a few flowers,  
 Tho' vers'd not in beauty nor worth.

11 Some

11

Some flowers in the year,  
 Who first does appear,  
 The snow-drop so sprightly buds forth;  
 'The lilly doth spread,  
 With beauties so clad,  
 For grandeur no one knows its worth.

12

The daisy so bright,  
 Must please at first sight,  
 Could I but its beauties set forth;  
 'The roses so various,  
 Their names so precarious,  
 I can't show their beauties nor worth.

13

Trees, oranges, fruit,  
 Without all dispute,  
 No one can them fully set forth;  
 The cinnamon fine,  
 Surpafs my weak rhyme,  
 To shew but the half of its worth.

14

There's tuberufe I know,  
 And fibres to shew,  
 Could I them but fully set forth;  
 'True gard'ners who are,  
 Knows what bulboufes are,  
 I dare not declare all their worth.

15

Some strong does dispute,  
 Man wou'd liv'd on fruit;  
 Could I this but fully set forth;  
 If kept in that state  
 He was in create,  
 I cannot declare half its worth.

16

What inference then,  
 'The wisest of men,

The



The gard'ner can never set forth:  
 No one can express  
 Their great usefulness,  
 Nor mention the half of their worth.

*A Poem on GUTHRIE.*

**G**UTHRIES of Guthrie, could I trace,  
 I'd find them of a noble race.  
 Their ancientness no one can tell,  
 The wisest in this round who dwell.  
 The place lies in a valley fair,  
 Few can at all with it compare.  
 The middle, or the centre ground,  
 Of three borough towns does it surround.  
 The castle lofty does appear,  
 Built was ago seven hundred year.  
 This ancient is without debate,  
 There's few so old I can relate.  
 The garden's of a handsome size,  
 All those of taste its sweets must prize:  
 No fairer one I scarce have seen,  
 It looks so natural, fresh and green.  
 A pleasure-house, most stately walls,  
 Three acres ground some people calls  
 The compass of this pleasant spot;  
 I know not if they're right or not.  
 The mill and mill stands nigh the place,  
 Commodiously it well doth grace;  
 Their usefulness is vain to shew,  
 As every one the same must know.  
 An ancient range leads to the east,  
 A pleasure-walk for those of taste;  
 But as I can't no longer stay,  
 I hasten fast, and must away.

*A Poem on Young's Beef-stake, sign of the Thistle and  
Crown, Forfar.*

**I**N many Tav'ns I have been,  
As sure's my name is Craik;  
No one like Young's I ever knew,  
For dressing a Beef-stake.

2

Dundee, Montrose, and old Dunkeld,  
These head tav'ns I have been:  
Not one of them can dress a stake,  
So savory, good and clean.

3

If any doubts my simple word,  
Let him but trial make;  
He'll thank me for the compliment,  
Rejoice in Young's Beef-stake.

*A Poem on FETTERESSO.*

**O**LD Fetteresso, could my pen  
Your beauteous pleasures half but name,  
I gladly would this undertake,  
Altho' my powers are far too weak.  
Come, fancy, muse, my song inspire,  
Enliven'd ideas aid my lyre;  
Come mental powers, all hither flow,  
Sweet Fetteresso bright to show.  
From Stonehaven it lies north west,  
Scarce two short miles I dare protest.  
What ancient buildings here appears,  
So old as sixteen hundred years.  
Brave Earl Marshall's ancient seat,  
Dunnotter-castle, ruin'd by fate,  
While Fetteresso fair survive,  
And at this present time does thrive.  
What scope for sport the heart to cheer,  
A park so large for holding deer,

In circumference nigh eight miles;  
 How beauteous here dame nature smiles.  
 An ashy bank with woods so fair,  
 How useful, beauteous, and so rare.  
 Dame nature here is so profuse,  
 As far surpasss my feeble muse.  
 A plane tree, three stems off one root,  
 Spontaneously without dispute,  
 An ash betwixt these stems doth spring,  
 What wonders nature forth does bring.  
 Large eight feet high is this rare tree,  
 Before the ashy stem you see:  
 How wonderful this ash to bud,  
 Spontaneously from different wood,  
 A geen tree much the very same,  
 I cannot half these rare things name;  
 An oak twelve feet, in thickness round,  
 No one more streight e'er sprung of ground.  
 'Tis tall indeed, so fresh and fair,  
 How high its worth, most useful rare.  
 Two range of walnut trees here spring,  
 Which precious fruit each season bring.  
 Geen, cherry trees, so fresh and gay,  
 I cannot half their worth display.  
 This ashy bank's most warm indeed,  
 No place more natural e'er I see'd.  
 Nigh fifty cows and calves here graze,  
 Their worth to shew me far surpass;  
 So flourishing, so rare a kind,  
 Most quick, alert as any hind.  
 In all my travels I've not see'd,  
 So many of so fine a breed.  
 A river small does softly glide,  
 This ashy bank on the south-side,  
 These cows when thirsty can embrace;  
 How does sweet nature them refresh.  
 These pleasures lies south of the place,  
 I cannot half their number trace.

Come



Come then ascend, and hasten now,  
 The garden's situation view.  
 This castle fair, it lies right east,  
 What pleasant place for those of taste.  
 Some hot-beds, and the walks most fair,  
 A variegated holland rare,  
 So large, so beauteous on the green,  
 Its match in Scotia I've not seen.  
 This ancient castle that we view,  
 Of late has been repair'd anew.  
 The building's large, majestic, grand;  
 Few more so spacious in this land.  
 The roof so fair, exceeding bright,  
 It cannot fail to catch the sight.  
 What crowds the glory of this place,  
 The laird is rich in every grace;  
 So generous, mild, most free and kind,  
 So truly good, so great in mind;  
 So humble, lowly, just and true,  
 Of gentlemen there are but few  
 So meek and gentle, far from proud;  
 At present I must now conclude.

*A New Song in imitation of My Nanny O.*

**A** Wake my muse, shake off dull sloth,  
 Come listen, O Scots Sandy O;  
 How nat'ral is't to love the girl  
 Who's charming young and bonny O.  
*Chorus.* 'Tis bonny O, 'tis bonny O,  
 'Tis gayfome, young and bonny O;  
 How nat'ral is't to kiss the girl  
 Who's charming, young and bonny O.

I'd find more pleasure in a girl,  
 Who'd condescend to Johnny O,  
 Than wine and oil, yea ev'ry thing,



I'd prize her above honey O.

'Tis bonny O, &c.

<sup>3</sup>  
I'd rather have a gaysome girl,  
If she were young and bonny O.

Before I had a dry like wench,  
With weighty bags of money O.

'Tis bonny O, &c.

<sup>4</sup>  
While miser's grovels on the earth,

For to increase their money O,

I'll take delight to kiss the girl

Who's charming, young and bonny O.

'Tis bonny O, &c.

<sup>5</sup>  
Sure nature has implanted deep,

To love the girl who's bonny O;

The most of men must prize the dame,

Above the sweetest honey O.

'Tis bonny O, &c.

<sup>6</sup>  
If any loves not woman kind,

I'm sure there is not money O;

I from my heart this truth impart,

I'd prize them above honey O.

'Tis bonny O, &c.

*A Poem on Major GARDYNE, Esq.; of Middletown.*

**O** Major brave, what should I say,  
Could my weak muse your taste display;  
How would your noble actions shine,  
Conspicuously grace off my rhyme;  
You always had a noble mind,  
Most generously was still inclin'd.  
An officer so brave and bold,  
Disdain'd by one to be controul'd.

View

You harshly men did never use,  
 Despis'd good men for to abuse.  
 Your noble soul did ever hate  
 An honest soldier to maltreat,  
 Your ancestors I ever hear,  
 To tenants never was severe.  
 You're of an ancient worthy race,  
 Spoke well of all around this place.  
 Yourself is of a generous turn,  
 When fire poor Pyot's house did burn,  
 You fast again his house did rear,  
 The charges did most freely clear.  
 You have a noble taste indeed;  
 You've Middleton so beautified  
 With buildings new, a handsome spire,  
 That all of taste must it admire.  
 Of late fair 'state of Friok bought,  
 Tho' numbers bold against him fought;  
 They could not cast his spirit down,  
 He persever'd and gain'd the crown.  
 He's worthy of a large estate,  
 So good and kind without debate;  
 Long may he flourish, ever thrive,  
 Increase in store, and long survive.

*An Acrostic on Mrs GARDYNE of Middleton.*

M agnus in parvo could I write,  
 R ejoice I would this theme to treat,  
 S o I proceed without debate.

G entle, cheery, lively creature,  
 A Lady bright in every feature;  
 R eserv'd is not, but open, free,  
 D espises all hypocrisy;  
 Y ea, of a turn exceeding frank,  
 N o one more fit for any rank.  
 E xcuse the Bard, for this him thank.

*A Poem on FINGASK.*

**F**INGASK, how ancient is this place?

Its perfect age I cannot trace.  
 The present beauteous form come view,  
 Repairing now most grand and new.  
 Fingask-house large, what view southside,  
 Right east a pleasant rill does glide:  
 A nursery rich, with plants so green,  
 Which must attract the heart and een.  
 What nat'ral den this rill runs in,  
 Which makes a sweet melodious din.  
 A mill this rill makes swift to go,  
 Its use and worth sure all must know.  
 What trees northside Fingask-house spring;  
 Who can its beauties, glories sing!  
 I must confess I'm far too lame,  
 The picture fair surpasses my theme.  
 What crowns the glory of this place,  
 Is a brave, bold and ancient race,  
 Who to a righteous cause prov'd true:  
 At present I must bid adieu.

*A Poem on ROSEBANK.*

**R**OSEBANK from Montrose lies two miles,

How pleasant here all nature smiles;  
 The beauties, pleasures here to paint,  
 My feeble muse is far too faint.  
 What woods and plants grows it behind,  
 A shelter from the northern wind;  
 A walk with plantings on each side,  
 How pleasant here swift time must glide.  
 The house is elegant indeed;  
 No brighter one I ever see'd.  
 Rosebank house in mine eyes excell  
 His Grace's house in old Dunkeld.

B

The



The front's quite open, the expanse  
 The ocean, Montrose, at one glance,  
 Yea, views so distant, far and wide,  
 That my weak powers can't half describe.  
 But most of all, this beauteous place  
 The laird and lady it doth grace;  
 Both generous and truly good  
 At present I must now conclude.

*A Poem on Mr GEORGE MILNE'S Curiosities.*

**N**EWBARNs could I but describe,  
 The flower of all our country-side;  
 Tho' outwardly but mean indeed,  
 Within most rich and beautified.  
 A room here deck'd so rich and grand,  
 I dare affirm no one this land  
 Belongs a nobleman or knight,  
 So grand, melodious, fair and bright.  
 The orrery could I set forth,  
 How rich, how grand, how great its worth!  
 The planets all can shew them clear,  
 Within a globe most beauteous here.  
 Piano clock, with dancers fair,  
 How nat'ral gay some, and so rare,  
 To hear her play, them neatly dance;  
 This does the pleasure far enhance.  
 Piano play'd by finger art;  
 The organ clock, the barrel smart,  
 Who sixty different tunes can play;  
 These pleasures far surpass my lay.  
 The organ play'd with fingers too,  
 The magic lantern bright and true.  
 So many pictures none can name,  
 Excuse tho' this surpass my theme.  
 A vivifying glass most bright,  
 In colours, paintings, helps the sight.

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How simple, curious, and so rare,  
 Could I its beauties half declare.  
 The telescope, fair pictures round,  
 What pleasures here so rich abound.  
 Some gold and silver fishes here:  
 How beauteous does this room appear.  
 A library so rich and grand,  
 A glass press in this room does stand,  
 So glist'ring, sparkling, and so bright,  
 Which must attract the heart and sight.  
 What silver-work; 'tis drinking mugs,  
 Cups, knives and spoons, bright shining jugs,  
 Large candlesticks all silver bright,  
 The picture of each British wight!  
 This piece of pleasure could I trace,  
 What beauties rich adorn this place.  
 A garden green so hedged round,  
 Methinks an Eden here is found.  
 But why should I attempt to name,  
 Such curious arts, I'm far too lame?  
 So many does George Milne belong,  
 As far surpass my feeble tongue.

*A Toast.*

Health to the man who has a taste,  
 Who's hearty, frank and free;  
 Confusion to the miser soul,  
 From him deliver me.

*A Poem on BURNSIDE, near Forfar.*

**B**URNSIDE, from Forfar scarce three miles,  
 How pleasant for to view;  
 What elegance is here indeed,  
 What buildings bright and new.

The house is large and elegant,  
 With buildings round so neat;  
 The structure's fair and beautiful,  
 The workmanship compleat.

What plantings here, tho' young and green,  
 Surrounds this spacious place;  
 In a few years these plants will shine,  
 Burnside far brighter grace.

This place lies in a valley fair,  
 With woods on ev'ry side;  
 What pleasures here does rich abound,  
 How pleasant time must glide.

A castle here so ancient is,  
 There's few can date its age;  
 Excuse the bard, tho' this surpasses  
 His power, his time and page.

What buildings new this castle's nigh,  
 Burnside just now does rear;  
 In a short time this ancient place  
 More sprightly will appear.

How ancient are the Hunters brave,  
 A worthy warlike race;  
 This present family are good,  
 And rich in ev'ry grace.

*An Acrostic on Miss MARY-ANN HUNTER, Burnside.*

M y muse would paint a lady forth,  
 Inclined, tho' weak, to shew her worth.  
 So be it thus, I'll not retard,  
 So lady fair excuse the bard.

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Mild, gentle, cheery, lively, bright,  
A lady pleasing to the sight;  
Respectful, graceful, gay, young,  
Yea, of a good extract has sprung.

A charity who large does flow,  
Not ostentatious of show;  
No charity is pure that's so.

How does her graces gently move,  
Unknown to taste, who can't her love.  
Nature has rich adorn'd this fair  
'T is beautified with golden hair.  
Ennobl'd she, so good and kind;  
Right handsome shape, of noble mind.

*A Toast.*

Health to the ladies so indeed;  
By birth and noble mind;  
Success and wealth, a happy match  
In wedlock to be join'd.

*A Poem on NEWGRANGE.*

NEWGRANGE so fair and beautiful,  
Could I it but describe;  
A walk which leads this house unto  
With plantings on each side.

Another walk leads to this place,  
Commodious is indeed;  
A passage clear for common folks  
The kitchen to proceed.

The house looks ancient, fair and bright,  
Most pleasant for to view;  
I hasten fast another theme  
I love more to pursue.

What graces most in any place,  
Is people kind and good;  
The noblest are the most so,  
The vulgar most part rude.

The heir's a youth of noble taste,  
Of person handsome, bright;  
Few of a person so compleat,  
If I'm inform'd right.

At Memel carries on a trade:  
Of large and great extent;  
His brother James with him in co.;  
What friendship them cement.

Kind William dear, his mother loves;  
Most dutiful and kind;  
He cannot cruel prove to one,  
He's of such noble mind.

Health, wealth, unto this genteel youth,  
Unto him great success;  
His mother, and his whole allies,  
Their harmony increase.

*An Acrostic on MARGARET CHAPLIN, Collyton.*

My muse a lady fair would paint:  
A las! my powers are far to faint.  
Resolv'd I am, tho' weak and lame,  
Good lady to chalk clear thy name.

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A humble mind methinks thou hast,  
 Rancour and strife fills not thy breast.  
 Ever so generous and so kind,  
 Thus truly good, so great in mind.

Contentment fills her tender breast;  
 How kind indeed to every guest.  
 A gentle, mild and pleasant face,  
 Puts on no gestures of grimace.  
 Lo, what a person fair and bright,  
 Inviting, pleasing to the sight:  
 Now me excuse if drawn not right. }

*An Acrostic on JOHN BROWN, Esq; at Over Miltown  
 of Mathers.*

Jolly and gay, behold a youth,  
 Of conduct fair, he loves the truth.  
 He's just, upright, so far from sly,  
 Not one who loves hypocrisy.

Behaves so noble and genteel,  
 Regards e'er still the public well.  
 Of person strong, and noble mind;  
 What gentleman behaves more kind,  
 No, few so good the poor does find. }

*A Poem on NETHERLAY.*

**F**AIR Netherlay could I describe,  
 What plants does it adorn;  
 With art and nature beautified,  
 Bright as the smiling morn.

2  
 Eight miles lies south of Aberdeen,  
 If right my feeble lyre;

Few places brighter to behold  
Appears in Mearns-shire.

3

The house is lofty, large and grand,  
With office-houses new;  
So strong, magnificent indeed,  
How pleasant for to view.

4

These office-houses for large size,  
Likewise their structure fair;  
Few I have seen in different shires,  
So elegant and rare.

5

What shrubries green in various forms,  
Their verdure forth does spread;  
To walk this spacious place around,  
The grave, the sad must glad:

6

What great improvements here indeed,  
Into the farming way;  
Some barren fields made fruitful parks,  
Which graces Netherlay.

7

The laird's a youth of noble taste,  
So mild, of pleasant face;  
Meek, gentle, good and virtuous,  
So rich in ev'ry grace.

8

What men he has all sorts of work,  
How kind to them does prove;  
No one who serves this genteel youth,  
But does him dearly love.

9

More might be said on Netherlay,  
If I had leisure time;  
At present I must bid adieu,  
And close my feeble rhyme.

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*An Acrostic on Miss MARGARET MOIR, Newgrange.*

M y muse would paint a lady bright,  
 I nviting, pleasing to the sight;  
 S o gentle, charming and so gay,  
 S ure my weak powers can't her display.

M ild, cheery, of a noble mind,  
 A spirit high, but good and kind.  
 R ich, of good blood, has ev'ry grace,  
 G ay some, genteel, of comely face.  
 A handsome shape and graceful mein,  
 R espectful looks and glist'ring e'en.  
 E ngaging, merry, and so frank,  
 T he sweet companion of each rank.

M ore should I say in feeble rhyme,  
 O what bright graces in her shine,  
 I n many virtues most excell;  
 R eceive, excuse, I bid farewell.

*An Acrostic on CHARLES SCOTT, Esq; of Criggie.*

C ould I describe this youth in rhyme,  
 H ow would his picture brightly shine,  
 A dorn my verse, and grace it forth,  
 R eflect a lustre to its worth.  
 L oving and mild he does appear,  
 E nnobl'd soul, loves sporting dear,  
 S o gay some is, and full of cheer. }

S o lively, quick and so alert,  
 C an talk and act a manly part.  
 O ladies bright this youth but view.  
 T hen you'll confess these lines are true: }  
 T his subject now I'll bid adieu.

*An Acrostic on the Hon. ANN STEWART, Countess of  
Airly.*

A lady good, married so high,  
N o less than bold Lord Ogilvy;  
N ot many with his race can vie.

S weet goodness makes one truly great;  
'T is this adorns her lofty state.  
E nnobled she, so noble sprung;  
W hat money gives to teach the young.  
A h! how she in high sphere does move,  
R ight dutiful to friends doth prove;  
'T is worthy she who can't but love.

C an my weak muse remain so faint?  
O virtue bright, canst thou not paint.  
U nmatch'd by few this present age,  
N o wonder tho' she me engage  
'T o strain each nerve, exert my powers,  
E ven all too weak for such bright flowers:  
S weeter indeed than any rose,  
S uch fragrance could I but disclose.

O f charity so large indeed,  
F ar brighter than the blooming mead.

A Lady she without dispute,  
I s of the blood of noble Bute.  
R ight near was Bute the royal seed,  
L o, Scotland's rightful sov'reign head;  
Y ea, her extract is great indeed.

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*A New Song on GARDENRY*

**T**HE Gard'ner is so ancient,  
 I scarcely can him trace;  
 No other trade appears to be  
 Design'd the human race.  
 If Adam had not broke the law,  
 No rugged plains he'd plow,  
 But joyfully in paradise,  
 He'd drest the fruits that grew.

2

The Gard'ner is most ancient,  
 As all must clearly see;  
 The rule of life chalk'd out to man,  
 When he from sin was free.  
 O why should fallen mortals  
 Their trade with his compare;  
 With that which was the sweet employ  
 Of the first happy pair.

3

What golden days when man was free  
 from all the taint of sin;  
 Spontaneously the earth him fed,  
 And calmness had within.  
 No fears of want cou'd him perplex,  
 His joys was ever new,  
 Without the least of toilsome work,  
 But drest the fruits that grew.

4

If Adam had kept innocent,  
 And drest the fruitful earth,  
 His seed had never been involv'd  
 In misery and death.  
 Conception had been pleasant,  
 Without the least of pain;

B 6

The

The queen of nature and her mate  
How happy wou'd they reign?

5

But oh! alas! our mother Eve,  
Her husband did entice,  
To take and eat forbidden fruit,  
Aspiring to be wife.  
By this they lost their happiness,  
And now must ever bow,  
To sweat and toil at servile trades,  
Besides the painful plow.

6

What happiness was lost by man,  
When drove from Eden fair;  
Can any station in this life  
With it at all compare?  
Above the scorch of cank'ring cares,  
No fears could him annoy;  
Yea ev'ry object which he view'd  
Created him new joy.

7

Though driven now from Paradise,  
Wild grounds to cultivate,  
The Gardener still his father  
Does strive to imitate.  
He so brings in a wilderness,  
Makes plants to spring so fair,  
That no mechanic on this earth  
Can equal or compare.

8

Let no mechanic therefore strive,  
Nor yet his work contemn;  
They are the flower of nature,  
In this our barren clime.  
They make our gardens look so fair,  
And savory fruits to spring,

That

That high and low, both rich and poor,  
The Gard'ner's praise should sing.

9

How pleasant must it be to view  
The roses, violets, flowers;  
One hundred part of them to name,  
Surpasse my feeble powers;  
Which by his art and labour,  
He cherishes to spring;  
O why should any one refuse  
The Gard'ner's praise to sing?

10

Long life and health to Gard'ners all,  
In harmony to meet;  
How sweet and pleasant must it be  
For brothers to unite.  
For brothers to unite in one,  
How joyful must it prove;  
The essence of our brotherhood  
Is founded upon love.

11

True love and lasting union  
Us Gard'ners e'er cement;  
Rejoicing on this our day,  
So cheery and content.  
True love and lasting union  
This toast let it go round,  
Till we in Paradise above  
With glory shall be crown'd.

12

Health, wealth to our Grand Master now,  
We freely shall bestow;  
May love make this our lodge to be  
An Eden here below.  
Our Wardens and free Brothers all,  
May health their portion be;  
Grand master, wardens, brothers free,  
Long sweetly all agree.

An

*An Acrostic on GEORGE CHAPLIN, Esq: of Colistown.*

M agnus in parvo could I vent,  
R ejoice I would this youth to paint.

G o muse, behold this picture bright,  
E 'er gaze, admire the pleasing sight.  
O ! what a pleasure is't to trace,  
R ight reason, virtue, ev'ry grace,  
G row, flourish in this lovely youth;  
E ven eloquence so join'd with truth.

C alm, peaceable, of nature good;  
H e's far from haughty, harsh or rude.  
A person fair, so gay and wight,  
P erhaps few youths who looks more bright.  
L o, nat'ral is't him well to act,  
I s of a kind and good extract;  
N o one this round but knows the fact. }

*An Acrostic on PATRICK ORR, Esq: of Bridgetown.*

P erhaps no one in Scotia's ground,  
A n abler speaker more profound,  
T han ORR of Bridgetown, Mairns-shire;  
R het'ric so deep does him inspire.  
I n oratory most compleat;  
C an talk and act, to all discreet,  
K nows well a stranger how to treat. }

O f jolly turn, exceeding frank,  
R ight meet companion of each rank;  
R eceive, excuse, the author thank. }

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*A Poem on GEORGE DEMPSTER, Esq; of Dunnichen.*

**O** Dempster, thou of worthy fame,  
 Could I thy worth in verse proclaim;  
 But oh! alas, I'm far too low,  
 Thy character so bright to show.  
 You long in Parliament did vote,  
 And prov'd yourself a worthy Scot.  
 No bribes nor flattery could you move,  
 Your country's int'rest so did love.  
 You for the drawback firmly stood,  
 Which proves an universal good.  
 Both high and low you dear should love,  
 As you their constant friend did prove.  
 Each Manufacturer should you bless  
 And always pray for thy success.  
 You've been their friend most firm and true;  
 Your favours still thou dost renew.  
 That pretty town of Letham now,  
 Of late's erected been by you;  
 And still this town you much enlarge;  
 A deal is built on your own charge.  
 How grateful should one Colvill be  
 Whom you releas'd from slavery:  
 This generous action marks thy name,  
 Unparallel'd for worth and fame.  
 But what need words for to express,  
 Thy worthy deeds are numberless.  
 In short no one, this present race,  
 Their country now does better grace.  
 God bless GEORGE DEMPSTER and his Mate;  
 Long life, health, wealth, in this frail state.  
 May sweet content in them abound,  
 Till they with glory shall be crown'd.

*A Poem on ALEXANDER LOWSON Saddler, Forfar.*

**O**NE Lowson who in Forfar lives,  
A saddler is compleat;  
All harnessing, work of that kind,  
He does extremely neat.

2

'Tis ev'ry work this country needs,  
Into his way can do;  
His customers he strives to please,  
Stands to his word so true.

3

His charge is low, his work is good,  
Great numbers him employ;  
Long may he thrive, and still increase  
In happiness and joy.

*A Poem on ELSINORE.*

**A**T Elsinore, one Harrow there,  
A tav'rn keeps right good;  
He's mild and jolly in his way,  
And never acts what's rude.

2

The mistress and the family,  
Are all polite and kind;  
In kindness and civility,  
With few they are behind.

3

They keep good gin and porter bright,  
Likewise good nappy beer;  
And farther still the best of meat,  
Their customers to cheer.

4

Their charge is moderate, low indeed,  
As any house I've been;

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No public house that's more genteel,  
'Twixt Glamis and Aberdeen.

5

Good farmers do resort, this house,

A genius can treat;  
Genteel and noble in their way,  
And never makes debate.

6

Now travellers then at Harrow's call,

If you are but genteel;

I cannot stay, but must away,

This subject bid farewell.

*A Poem on PANMURE.*

**P**ANMURE ten miles is from Dundee;

The richest place I e'er did see.

It has some parks both long and broad,

Which bounded are by the high road,

These parks how rich, how useful here,

Well fill'd with cattle, horse and deer,

And sheep who pasture here so fair,

No parks I know can them compare.

The house of Panmure looks so well,

Few noblemen's can it excell;

I this believe what others tell,

It vies with Athol's in Dunkeld.

His castle strong at Brechin's town,

High priz'd by Wallace of renown:

He to this strength did oft repair;

Of it possest he mock'd all fear.

Its situation far outvies

All places in our country lies.

What strength and pleasures here abound,

Is match'd by few in Scotia's ground.

The Laird I hear's a sportsman good,

A nobleman of taste and blood.

He

He ever acts a noble part,  
 Most lib'ral proves, so kind in heart.  
 Health, wealth, long life unto him, peace,  
 A long succession of his race,  
 Panmure's estate for to possess,  
 I pray that God his seed may bless.

*A Poem on KINTROCKATT.*

**K**INTROCKATT house so beautiful,  
 How brightly does it shine;  
 The beauties of it to display,  
 Surpass my feeble rhyme.

2

For situation few outvies,  
 So wholesome and so free;  
 It cannot but the spirits cheer,  
 And sweet and healthy be.

3

The house is elegant indeed,  
 Commodious in its size;  
 That all who has the least of taste,  
 This house must highly prize.

4

The garden lies toward the east,  
 Does not obstruct the view;  
 With walls most stately to behold,  
 They seem'd to me quite new.

5

This garden's large, two acres nigh,  
 If I conjecture right;  
 The fruits within I can't describe,  
 The walls quite stop't my sight.

6

A planting on the north-side lies,  
 Kintrockatt house does grace;

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The front a large green is inclos'd,  
How nat'ral is the place.

A little south a river runs,  
How softly does it glide;  
But all the pleasures of this place  
I cannot half describe.

*A true description of the Gores, Forfar.*

**C**OULD I describe these murd'ring crew,  
Deseiving wretches, seldom true;  
The pilfering trade they act the more,  
The fitter for a cruel Gore.  
Their greatest pleasure here does lie,  
In causing innocents to die;  
Destroying those who can't give war;  
How cruel these base murderers are.  
To rent a cow is their delight,  
Against a swine how great's their spite;  
A very calf they love to stick,  
Work for no devil but Old Nick.  
They bid their bloody dogs go tear,  
More harder hearts than any bear;  
They cry to hold in a loud voice;  
In savage acts they still rejoice.  
The dogs they cruelly act their part,  
The poor beast feels the bitter smart;  
The dogs so tear his flesh and skin,  
His great bone teeth so gnashes him.  
The poor beast leaps, and fights, and cries,  
His bloody murderers he flies;  
But oh, alas! he falls a prey,  
By strength o'ercome he must obey.  
His flesh so torn by dogs and Gores,  
His blood squeez'd out in many pores;  
Strength thus decay'd, they now him take,  
A bloody bed for him to make.      The

The goring-house he's now brought in,  
 Where tied or held, lest he should rin;  
 With ax so weighty gives the blow,  
 Which proves his fatal overthrow.  
 The female goes in Forfar's town,  
 In crews and bands goes up and down;  
 Their wanton tricks and cruelty  
 Is of a deep and crimson dye.  
 In number nine they all appear,  
 Just like their mates harsh and severe.  
 Both male and female of that race,  
 Are impudent and void of grace.  
 They're savage, wild, extremely rude,  
 Delights in nought but taking blood;  
 As death they love, they death shall have,  
 If grace prevent not hell, the grave.

*The Butchers defence, by way of an address to the  
 Lawyers.*

**T**O sacrifice an ox or sheep,  
 Was sure ordain'd of old;  
 Why should a scribe or pharisee  
 Against us write so bold.

All beasts were made for use or meat,  
 As scripture shews their end;  
 Them for to kill, prepare for man,  
 This cannot sure offend.

The blood, which is the life of beasts,  
 We're bid to rake away;  
 For doing so we strictly then  
 Our Maker here obey.

How naked would your tables look,  
 If void of animal food;

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To write or talk against us then,  
Must be extremely rude.

No squeezing writer, scribe of law,  
A live ox sure can eat;  
If so what face of impudence,  
With us for to debate.

6

Experience, reason, scripture proves  
We're necessary indeed;  
It is not so with lawyers,  
Behold your conduct read.

Experience proves you murder men  
Of property and life;  
You ever stir up hot debates,  
You live on jars and strife.

8

Your fellow-creature you destroy,  
While we our duty do;  
What harden'd wretches writers are,  
What cheating, murd'ring crew.

9

With human blood your hands are stain'd,  
At nothing you will stick;  
And give you money, you will act  
What startle would Old Nick.

10

You heavy burdens bind on men.  
Their character you tear;  
Old Nick no man nor de'il makes worse,  
But what himself must bear.

11

Our blessed Master, while on earth,  
'Gainst conscience you'd condemn,  
To please the priests, a rabble croud  
Of wicked, cruel men.

Against

12  
Against you Christ denounc'd a woe,  
While he on earth did dwell;  
You cannot 'scape, he plainly says,  
*Damnation, wrath and hell.*

*A Toast.*

Deliver me from Writer's hands,  
The devil and his band;  
And give me win and women bright,  
As long as I can stand.

*A Poem on BALGAVIES.*

ONE mile from Guthrie's castle lies,  
A place all those of taste must prize;  
Balgavies call'd; this fruitful ground,  
What beauties, pleasures, here abound?  
How pleasant is the green to see;  
What beauties here attracts the eye.  
'The garden and the walks so bright,  
Must cheer the heart and please the sight.  
The house itself looks fair indeed,  
It cannot fail, so beautify'd;  
With pleasant walks plann'd out in rounds,  
And plants so fair which here abounds.  
A little rill runs past this place,  
Whose gentle murmurs it doth grace;  
Has a large fall, which makes a noise,  
Speaks out most softly nature's voice.  
A planting fair on each side springs,  
What melody here ever reigns;  
The falling rill and woods resound,  
A joyful noise 'tis all around.

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Near by this rill a quarry stands;  
 What use and worth into these lands;  
 But here I need not to branch forth,  
 As ev'ry one must know its worth.  
 A washing-house the quarry's nigh,  
 This rill it often does supply,  
 With water soft, and ever clear;  
 How useful must this rill be here.  
 Impatient now I wish to haste;  
 Ascend with me all those of taste;  
 Behold a ruinous castle stands,  
 Been once the glory of these lands.  
 What tho' mischance has brought it low,  
 The spectacle it still does show,  
 Declares what splendor has been there,  
 When anciently a castle fair.  
 But as its age I cannot date,  
 No more of it I shall relate;  
 Swift time won't suffer me to stay,  
 To other scenes I must give way.  
 Descend I now the loch to view,  
 If what I heard be strictly true,  
 Laird Strachan he caus'd build the boat,  
 Which on this loch at first did float.  
 What marle in this loch abounds,  
 How useful for Balgavie's grounds.  
 These querries farmers best can tell,  
 Their province is on this to dwell.  
 This loch's not broad, but pretty long,  
 A large Scots mile if I'm not wrong.  
 Two trees grows in it fresh and green,  
 Which most of all attract my een.  
 Two boats I spied, the one so bright,  
 Which could not but attract my sight.  
 No one more handsome e'er I've seen,  
 In all the harbours where I've been.  
 A house this pleasure-boat to screen,  
 What pleasures here so fresh and green.

Great

Great store of fish this loch brings forth,  
 I cannot half declare its worth.  
 This picture now I shall conclude;  
 Excuse the bard tho' drawn but rude.  
 Balgavies I but slight did view,  
 At present now I'll bid adieu.

*An Acrostic on Mistress GRAY, late of Carsfergus.*

My muse go take your highest flight,  
 In showing of this lady bright.  
 She's worthy of a nobler praise,  
 The picture fair surpass my lays,  
 Right reason, kindness in her meet,  
 Ever behaves to all discreet,  
 So worthy, useful in this life,  
 So gentle, mild, and far from strife.

Gives lib'rally the poor indeed,  
 Relieves them in the time of need;  
 A feeling has for each distress,  
 Yea more than I can half express.

*A Poem on BALNEMOON.*

**T**HOU Balnemoon so beautiful,  
 What woods does thee surround;  
 How fair art thou for to behold,  
 What pleasures here abound.

2

But as I view'd at distance far,  
 This gay and pleasant place,  
 No man of reason will expect  
 Its beauties I can trace.

In gen'ral I view'd plants and woods,  
Which looks so fair and green,  
That few estates in all my round,  
More flourishing I've seen.

The place lies in a valley fair,  
Above it stands a hill,  
Who anciently a fortress was,  
To screen from enemy's ill.

The trees around the house grows thick,  
With plantings young and new;  
The house itself appears most bright,  
How does it shine them thro'.

The place with water is well stor'd,  
A garden large and bright,  
Alas! I sorry was indeed,  
My view was here so slight.

But most of all this cheering truth,  
With pleasure I reveal,  
That all the people in this round  
Declares the Laird's genteel.

I happy am this to declare;  
I'll ever vouch the truth,  
That young and old, with all I talk,  
I hear this from each mouth.

They all declare he's generous,  
Of high and noble mind;  
A gentleman each way compleat,  
To ev'ry one most kind.

I can affirm this truth myself,  
Attest their sayings true;

Success and wealth, unto him peace,  
I now shall bid adieu.

*A Toast.*

Health to the noble soul who does  
To a trav'ler give meat;  
A hungry belly to the churl,  
Who none but rich will treat.

*The DEVIL's reply to WILLIAM ANDERSON School-  
master, Kirriemuir, on seeing his Elegy on the sup-  
posed Death of JOHN CRAIK.*

**B**ARDY, your elegy on Craik,  
How cheery it all-hell did make,  
Tho' here I durst not him admit,  
I trust you hell most fine will fit.  
The spirit of your works I love;  
Your *faiths* and *troths* I them approve.  
Your *sients* and *oaths* so many more,  
Procures you here an open door.  
For ground your muse thinks scripture dry;  
As you are, friend, so too am I.  
As we agree, let's have one road;  
Hail, welcome to my warm abode.  
The hottest mansion you shall have,  
Because you look so sage and grave:  
And ever wears a fiery gloom,  
Your bitter muse will here find room.  
Your *faiths* and *troths*, and all your *sients*,  
Are only weak and broken hints;  
The language here you shall express,  
Is strong, and deep as this abyss.  
You'll write DAMNATION in each line,  
How will this magnify your rhyme?

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While black despair's in ev'ry look,  
 You'll never finish hell's great book.  
 Your venom'd muse shall rore and cry,  
 " I, while on earth, thought scripture dry;  
 " But here I've got a scope so large,  
 " I never shall this task discharge.  
 " In Kirrymuir I seven years took,  
 " In chiming oaths to make a book;  
 " But here swift time has got no bound,  
 " I e'er must chime oaths more profound."  
 Take comfort bard, and ne'er think long,  
 Come chime great oaths into a song;  
 Ambition loves to reign in hell;  
 Milton, the poet great, does tell.  
 Come, then, aspire in hell to reign;  
 Exert your powers, and rack your brain;  
 Damnation oaths in verse belch forth,  
 You'll reign in hell if you are worth.  
 While you on earth does still remain,  
 In chiming oaths yourself still train,  
 Till Death, my messenger, shall call,  
 To bring you to my spacious hall.  
 Tho' Craik come near my dwelling-place,  
 He writes and trusts so much in grace;  
 Tho' sometimes he does rant and roar,  
 I could not, durst not ope the door.  
 But you, my friend in Kirriemuir,  
 Your works admittance you procure.  
 They clear evince you're fit for hell;  
 Adieu my friend from my grand cell.

DIABOLUS.

*An Acrostic on the DEVIL.*

D eath sure at first came from the Devil,  
 E ver has reign'd as a great evil.

Vain man aspiring to be wise,  
 I think too far took his advice;  
 Lost happiness, was plung'd in sin;  
 Good Lord deliver me from him.

*A Poem on SEATON.*

**N**EAR by Arbroath the Seaton lies,  
 So beauteous and fair;  
 I know no place for herbs and fruits,  
 With Seaton can compare.

2

The house, tho' small, is elegant,  
 A large extensive view;  
 From thence one can small ships behold,  
 As they the ocean plow.

3

The failors in their course again,  
 The view does back reflect;  
 They point to Seaton as their mark,  
 And straight their course direct.

4

The Seaton garden fruitful is,  
 Most pleasant to the eye;  
 I know not one so rich adorn'd,  
 'Twixt Montrose and Dundee.

5

The walks, the arbour, and the parks,  
 The Seaton much doth grace;  
 Nature and art has both been kind,  
 To this fine beauteous place.

6

The Seaton ground in nature's rich;  
 It many herbs brings forth,  
 Which thousands know not of their names,  
 Nor their intrinsic worth.

On

7

On ragged rocks spontaneously,  
 These herbs most nat'ral rise;  
 All botanists who know their worth,  
 The heughs must greatly prize.

8

Valerian, that precious herb,  
 In plenty here abounds;  
 I question but it rarely springs,  
 In all our Scottish grounds.

9

There's agrimony useful herbs  
 Too tedious to name;  
 A disquisition of their worth,  
 At present's not my theme.

10

There's cav'ns, vaults below the ground,  
 Surprising to behold;  
 No place more rare things on this coast,  
 As I've been often told.

11

A botanist I don't pretend,  
 Therefore I'll bid adieu;  
 A man who is completely so,  
 Let all the public view.

*A Poem on DAVID MILN Botanist, Forfar.*

**I**N Forfar's town one David Miln,  
 A Botanist indeed,  
 A garden has more rich in herbs  
 Than any e'er I see'd.

2

The rarest herbs that you can name,  
 Grows here so fresh and gay;  
 My page nor time won't suffer me  
 Their worth for to display.

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3

In short I can this vouch for truth,  
 The man in nature's deep;  
 What care and labour he does take,  
 Rich useful herbs to keep.

4

He many hundred miles has walk'd,  
 Deep nature for to learn;  
 Few plants or herbs in Scotia's ground,  
 But well he can discern.

5

All vegetables who has life,  
 The rivers, ponds and rills  
 He penetrates, and by this means  
 His breast with knowledge fills.

6

He knows the use of many herbs,  
 Their virtues can apply;  
 There's numbers found the good effects,  
 Prove strengthening salut'ry.

7

My time's so short, I cannot stay,  
 This man to recommend;  
 His genius, worth, him clearly shows,  
 Adieu my neighbour friend.

*A Toast.*

Health to the man who nature knows,  
 To humour it inclin'd;  
 May he enjoy his heart's desire,  
 His mate and season find.

*A Poet  
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*A Poem on FRIENDSHIP, occasioned by a story in the public papers, that whoever he was that should make a poem on this subject, and present it at Edinburgh, Feb. 29, 1792; if he was judged to excel the rest of the candidates, should be rewarded with a Gold Medal.*

**W**HO is a friend? this question hard,  
Proves deep for ev'ry modern bard;  
As none a friend can fully know,  
Till by his actions this he show.  
Howe'er I shall in humble verse,  
My mind on friendship now rehearse;  
I hope no man will me despise,  
Tho' all the bards should seem more wise.

He is a friend without debate,  
Who's friend indeed in any state;  
And more if that his friendship's true,  
His mind he will impart to you.  
He will not keep the least reserve,  
Nor you command like those who serve,  
But gently will his counsel give,  
And strive in peace with you to live.

Again, if he your friendship prize,  
Your counsel he will not despise:  
Examine well what you advance,  
And if convinc'd at the first glance,  
Your scheme excels what he decreed,  
On your safe plan he will proceed.  
A true friend can't his friend but show  
How matters goes with him below;  
If worldly goods with him increase,  
Or if they 'minish and decrease;  
How he intends them to dispose,  
Among his family, or those  
Who is to him in blood most near,  
Or others whom he loves most dear.

All this a true friend will reveal,  
 And nothing from his friend conceal;  
 Concerning his affairs in life,  
 And studiously avoids all strife;  
 Harmoniously his days does spend,  
 Rejoicing in his dearest friend;  
 And sometimes does to him relate  
 His hopes concerning the next state;  
 He often does remind his friend,  
 That pure religion is the end,  
 Which can alone yield true content,  
 When nature fails and strength is spent.  
 These hints I've giv'n marks a true friend;  
 With due submission I shall end;  
 Refer to those of better skill;  
 I am devoted to your will.

*A Toast.*

Health to the friend who proves a friend,  
 In poverty and woe;  
 Deliver me from being deceiv'd  
 By those who are not so.

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## SERIOUS POEMS.

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*A Poem on Providence, or in other words, the goodness of God towards his rational offspring,*

**H**OW bounteous is Jehovah great?  
What reason man doth find,  
In rapt'rous language to cry out,  
God's providence is kind.

2

Spontaneously he doth provide  
For ev'ry living thing;  
But man alone, of all his works,  
His praise aloud should sing.

3

Endow'd by him with rational powers,  
That he alone should raise,  
The tribute of all nature's voice,  
In grateful hymns of praise.

4

To him who form'd all things at first,  
And life and breath did give

C 5

To

To ev'ry creature on this earth,  
Or in the heavens who live.

5

Both animate, inanimate,  
From him their beings came;  
He both created and preserves  
The universal frame.

6

If God the source and spring of life,  
From nature back should call,  
Then suddenly a lifeless mass  
In ruin all should fall.

7

Let me adore that Being great,  
Who man at first did make;  
Likewise into his guardianship,  
Was pleased him to take.

8

While I exist upon this earth,  
My gratitude let rise  
To Him who reigns, and ever lives  
Above the starry skies.

9

My powers of soul be stirred up,  
In vocal strains to raise;  
In making all creation sound  
JEHOVAH's endless praise.

*A few Verses breathed by the Author, when astonished  
at the various species of beings in this world; and the  
wonderful works of God in the creation.*

**T**HE being of Almighty God,  
No man can fully know;  
But yet his works so wonderful,  
His power and goodness show.

How



2  
How many creatures He has made;

How different is their sphere;

The most enlightened mortal man,

Cannot this half declare.

3  
The various ways God's creatures move,

Man's wonder must excite;

But knowledge fails on this deep theme,

No man can clearly write.

4  
The wisest of the sons of men,

A mighty prince and king,

Was never able to conceive,

What nature forth does bring.

5  
If Solomon God's works can't show,

Tho' deep in nature's school;

Should any man now more pretend,

He'd prove himself a fool.

6  
To sum up all, this Being great,

Man ever should adore,

Whose works shall still man's wonder be,

When time shall be no more.

*A Poem on Happiness.*

**T**RUE Happiness all men would love;

But O! the various ways they move.

This happiness the way to gain,

A question here does still remain.

Some teaches that in faith it lies;

Others good works does highly prize.

Some sectaries maintain right bold,

That it was sure ordain'd of old;

Fix'd by unalterable decree,  
 Who of the human race should be  
 Elected, fav'd, redeem'd by grace;  
 Yea, put into that holy place,  
 Where happiness that ne'er shall cloy,  
 These happy souls shall e'er enjoy.

Upon the other hand they teach,  
 Yea publickly this often preach,  
 That no redemption is indeed,  
 For many of the human feed.  
 They say that God was ne'er design'd  
 Jesus to give for all mankind;  
 Or then all men must happy be;  
 These arguments you often see.

Others affirm that God did send  
 His only Son for this great end,  
 To purchase life for ev'ry man;  
 No soul excluded, no not one.  
 That God hath set forth life and death  
 To all who taste of life and breath;  
 That man may chuse, or yet refuse,  
 If he his faculties would use;  
 That God, thro' Christ, to man has giv'n  
 A pow'r to fight his way to heav'n.  
 If he obey in Christ, believe,  
 A crown at last he shall receive,  
 Of happiness, beyond the sky,  
 Where he shall never, never die.  
 Have happiness that ne'er shall cease,  
 Eternally his God to praise.

Some others, Gallo like indeed,  
 Gives not a fig for any creed;  
 Religion they at all don't mind;  
 How many in this case we find?  
 They place true happiness in law,  
 Cash, whether right or wrong to draw;  
 The rich and poor they love to squeeze,  
 And over them to tyrannize.

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Some others riches much adore,  
Place happiness in wealth of store.  
If worldly goods would but increase,  
They hope to find true happiness.

Some prompt with vain ambition's fire,  
Great names and honours much desire;  
They place true happiness in show,  
Which can't be found on earth below.

Some loves the fair sex to embrace,  
In hopes to find true happiness;  
But these forbidden pleasures prove  
Oft hatred in the end for love.

Unto what source shall we resort?  
Where shall we find a sure safe port,  
To hide us from the stormy snow,  
The evils which reign here below?  
Leaving all speculative debate,  
Where shall we find a safe retreat,  
That we true happiness may have,  
In yonder worlds beyond the grave?

The sorry happiness of life,  
Is vanity, vexation, strife;  
Yea, disappointments, grief and woe,  
Which we poor mortals undergo.

The greatest happiness of life,  
Is to avoid contention, strife:  
If possible with none debate,  
Rejoicing in your present state.  
Subdue your passions, live at ease,  
And strive your Maker for to please:  
Love God and man in heart sincere,  
And nothing else you have to fear.  
If one true happiness would find,  
He'll wait with a contented mind,  
Till death shall give the fatal blow,  
If faithful then to joys shall go.

*A Farewell, which the Author gave to his Scholars.**Little Banff, Oct. 1, 1790.*

**W**ITH Scholars I some time must part,  
 Which is to me a grief of heart;  
 I love the children all so well,  
 'Tis hard for me to say farewell.  
 However, Scholars, I expect  
 My school again for to erect;  
 Then most of you I hope to see,  
 Come cheerfully again to me.  
 O scholars all, may God you bless;  
 May you in learning still increase.  
 Tho' I your face should never see.  
 I hope you will remember me.  
 You'll mind how I with you did walk,  
 How many pleasing things I'd talk;  
 My scholars hearts all for to cheer;  
 My very name to you'll be dear.  
 When other schools you shall go too,  
 A grief it will be unto you,  
 If that your master proves severe,  
 He never shall to you be dear;  
 You'll hate him in your very heart;  
 You will be glad with him to part.  
 You'll wish you had the Poet then,  
 Tho' fathers all should him disdain.  
 I've done my duty not severe;  
 My conscience witnesses I'm clear.  
 The small improvement you have made,  
 Rejoice my heart exceeding glad.  
 Tho' some there be does me reproach,  
 My innocence guards me from such;  
 Their calumnies I'll never mind,  
 While conscious I have been kind.

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My Scholars I appeal to you,  
 I know you'll vouch me this for true;  
 Tho' worldlings all should me disdain,  
 I hope my friends you will remain.  
 Infirmities no doubt I have,  
 So has the sober and the grave;  
 If all their faults did clearly see,  
 They would not talk so much of me.  
 Howe'er my mind I shall impart,  
 Tho' I am deem'd by some not smart.  
 If reformation you'd begin,  
 First purify your hearts within.  
 Indulge not you your thoughts to roam,  
 But ever keep them still at home.  
 Tho' others from their duty sway,  
 Your great end is, believe, obey.  
 Strive you the will of God to know,  
 And in his precepts strive to go.  
 Sure Jesus is the living way,  
 O trust in him, and him obey.  
 O fare you well, my scholars all,  
 May heaven's blessing on you fall.  
 I pray this from my very heart,  
 And now I must bid you depart.

Each individual scholar now shook hands with their  
 Master on walking out, and repeated the following  
 verse as a farewell and benediction, on their part, to  
 their Master; while he, holding each individual by the  
 hand, made this response or answer:

*First, each Scholar's farewell to their Master.*

O Master now farewell to thee,  
 In hopes again your face to see;  
 But God alone this only know;  
 May he you bless where'er you go.

*Th*

*The Master's reply, or benediction to each Scholar.*

O fare you well, my scholar kind,  
 I hope your duty you will mind.  
 O may the Lord give thee his peace,  
 Replenish you with ev'ry grace.

*An Oration in poetry, delivered by the Author at the commencement of his school at Gauldy, Nov. 22, 1790.*

**I** Now again my school begin,  
 I pray the Lord keep me from sin;  
 Enable me all vice to shun,  
 And in the paths of duty run.  
 Give prudence to thy servant, Lord,  
 Direct me by thy sacred word.  
 My powers of soul do thou enlarge,  
 My duty here for to discharge.  
 As teaching children is my care,  
 O let not company me snare;  
 Nor drink too much, my heart divert,  
 But ever keep me still alert.  
 Cheerful to do my duty free,  
 To ev'ry child that comes to me.  
 In teaching may I still be found,  
 In hopes my labour shall be crown'd  
 With blessings from the God of all,  
 Who to this office did me call,  
 And means and ways about has brought,  
 Or my weak schemes would never wrought.  
 To thrust myself in any place,  
 If man God's ways could half but trace,  
 They'd own his will in every thing,  
 But this alone which sin doth bring,  
 Which never was by him decreed,  
 But only was by him foresee'd;

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How each man in his age would do,  
 What different schemes he would pursue;  
 How some would fear him and obey,  
 While others would no duty pay,  
 But live at random without thought,  
 How Christ their souls most dearly bought;  
 Paid down for them his precious blood,  
 And in their room as surety stood:  
 To ransom them from misery,  
 He died upon the cursed tree;  
 And rose again, 'tis from the dead,  
 The Lord of life, our blessed Head,  
 And reigns triumphant now above,  
 The governor of all who move.  
 Let me submit with cheerful mind,  
 To him who's providence is kind.  
 At present now has pleas'd me well,  
 This middle place that I should dwell;  
 Convenient for children round,  
 If that the least desire is found,  
 To have your children taught to read,  
 There can be no excuse indeed.  
 Tho' me the teacher you despise,  
 As false reproaches 'gainst me rise;  
 The best of men reproach'd has been,  
 As from the scriptures you have seen.  
 Believe not then a calumny,  
 But send your children first and try;  
 If I no better them can make,  
 I freely you shall bid them take,  
 And send them to another school,  
 As they with me but play the fool.  
 To learn some 'tis very hard,  
 But let not this your hopes retard:  
 Still patiently allow some time,  
 Implore the aid of grace divine:  
 Your own endeavours ye must use,  
 If you would be without excuse.

If parents all this scheme would take,  
Methinks their children they would make  
In learning fast for to increase;  
I pray that God the means would blefs.

*An Acrostic on VIRTUE.*

Virtue is lov'd of God and man,  
Jesus from heaven to teach it came;  
Regarding not the pain,  
The man who has practis'd the truth,  
Unto the Lord devote his youth,  
Eternal joy shall gain.

*A Poem on the Worldly Man.*

**H**OW does the worldling vex himself,  
His goods for to increase;  
His mind can never be at peace,  
Sure he can have no blefs.

He still projects 'tis something new,  
The world for to gain;  
And tho' he prosp'rous be at first,  
His heart is still the same.

His views he farther doth enlarge,  
He never can take rest;  
But grasps and labours to obtain  
That something unpossess.

Tho' possible it were he should  
The world all make his own,  
No happiness he still could find,  
But wish for more unknown.

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He still would roam, new worlds to find;

No world, nor worlds can give,

'Tis satisfaction to the soul,

Who on this world does live.

Why then so anxious on the world,

Which cannot give content;

Consider this, O worldly man,

Make haste, in time repent.

Put not your trust in worldly things,

But trust upon the Lord;

Have you no fear of earthly goods,

God plenty will afford.

Seek ye first Christ, his righteousness

Your shield and covering make;

Then God into his special care

Your int'rests all will take.

Fear God, him serve, your duty do;

Against all sin protest;

Be not too anxious on the world;

On Providence still rest.

*A Poem, clearing the Divine procedure with respect to the season; with a few reflections on the Sluggard. Composed by the Author on occasion of heavy rains in the harvest time.*

*Easthills, Oct. 22; 1791.*

**W**HAT shall I say on this deep theme?

Can I the righteous Being blame,

For sending rains in furious storm,

Tho' he his promise does perform.

Seed

Seed-time and harvest, God has said,  
 Shall ever on this earth be had.  
 While time itself doth here endure,  
 His word fulfils most firm and sure.  
 But has he set the very time;  
 This question far surpasses my rhyme.  
 Methinks the wisest cannot show  
 How God rules seasons here below.  
 Sometimes an early season's best,  
 As cannot fail to be confest,  
 By those who has experience had,  
 'The smallest in the farming trade.  
 Sometimes a season pretty late,  
 The fruits are got in a good state:  
 'This also cannot be deny'd,  
 By those who has the farming try'd.  
 How can the wisest then adjust  
 The perfect time, or to it trust;  
 But while the season offers fair,  
 Let man improve with special care.  
 O foolish man, I can't but say,  
 For to neglect or to delay,  
 When fruits are ripe, and weather clear,  
 Why should not you then crown the year.  
 Sure God's procedure's ever just;  
 But sluggards too much to it trust;  
 Put off until the season's gone,  
 And then too late they must bemoan.  
 This subject now I shall improve;  
 So is the man who slights free love;  
 He must repent when 'tis too late,  
 In misery in the next state.  
 Your soul's salvation then don't slight,  
 Against the powers of darkness fight;  
 Redeem the time you have mis-spent,  
 Of this you never shall repent.  
 Your passions wild check and subdue,  
 'To all mankind be just and true.

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In fruits of holiness abound,  
Till you with glory shall be crown'd.

*A poem, by way of Exhortation to Thomas Alexander's  
shearers.*

*Easthills, Sep. 24, 1791.*

**L**ET us this morning cheerful rise,  
Our God alone to praise,  
Who rais'd us from the bed of sleep,  
Due thanks to him now raise.

2  
How grateful should we be to him,  
Who gives us strength and health;  
O why should we at all complain,  
Tho' not possess of wealth.

3  
The ravens, God for them provides,  
The lions young does feed;  
Yea ev'ry living creature gives  
Supply in time of need.

4  
My fellow-servants, I exhort,  
Your master for to serve;  
Most cheerfully your duty do,  
And never from it swerve.

5  
Make bands for sheaves both strong and good;  
Lay handfule straight them in;  
Why will ye not your duty do,  
By carelessness so sin?

6  
Be faithful in your master's work,  
And shear as low and clean,  
As if your master was possess  
Of Argus' hundred e'en.

7  
Remind tho' ye impose on man,  
How God your actions see;

Neglect

Neglect not then to do your part,  
And serve most faithfully.

8

O master use your servants well;  
Be not to them severe;  
Know that you have a master, Christ,  
Before you must appear.

9

Let master, servants still agree,  
In harmony accord;  
Let each to other faithful act,  
And serve the only Lord.

10

May love and harmony subsist,  
In that town call'd Easthills;  
Health, wealth to the goodman, and her  
Who his affection fills.

*A Morning Meditation of the Author.*

ONE morning as I walk'd the fields,  
When nature seem'd most bright;  
The corn, the herbage, and the grass,  
With wonder struck my sight.

2

How vast the sight, how deep it is,  
Sweet nature but to view;  
How great in power must be that God,  
Who nature form'd anew.

3

Can man behold the lower world,  
Ascend and view the sky,  
And not admire that Being great,  
Who lives and reigns on high.

4

If thoughtless man is often touch'd  
With nature's beauties here,

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What admiration must him fill,  
When nature's God more near!

5  
When sin and sorrows are no more,  
Where reigns eternal peace;  
Immanuel God e'er to behold,  
Admire his wond'rous grace.

6  
E'er then shall be our sweet employ,  
God all in all to praise;  
And to his great and glorious name,  
Eternal anthems raise,

*An extract of a Letter which the Author sent to a Gentleman in Dundee; occasioned by this gentleman turning out a well dress'd and decent Mechanic from his seat in the English Chapel. The gentleman so conceited of himself, imagined that this mechanic was too low for sitting in the same seat with him; and as he could find no fault with his dress, he made this specious pretence against him, that he spoke too loud in the responses, and by this means gave him a deal of disturbance; and therefore he caus'd turn him out from his place.*

**N**OW, sir, methinks you're full of pride,

As I hear people say;  
Because with persons you'll not sit,  
But those that's light and gay.

2  
God's sanctuary you despise,  
His worship you deride;  
Because you only come to show  
Your haughtiness and pride.

3  
With such and such you will not sit,  
As they're below your sphere;                      **You**

You call yourself a Christian, *But how does it appear*

4

For Christ, God's Son, and heir of all,  
Did man so freely love,  
As made him to descend from heav'n;  
His father's throne above.

5

And of a virgin he was born,  
In circumstances mean;  
A stable was the inn he got,  
No grandeur to be seen.

6

His ministry when he fulfill'd,  
While on this earth he was;  
He ne'er disdain'd with men to sit,  
Yea those of lowest class.

7

With publicans and sinners he  
Did often eat and drink;  
You cannot be a christian,  
I certainly must think.

8

Because your ways does differ much  
From him you take your name;  
The christian religion you  
Do nothing else but shame.

9

You've banish'd one from God's own house,  
For which you had no ground;  
But only 'cause he prais'd his name,  
You said, with a great sound.

10

God's worship then does you disturb;  
His praise you cannot hear;  
How dare you then into his courts,  
Among his saints appear?

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If Christ's disciple you would be,  
Your neighbour you must love;  
For pride you see of any kind,  
Is not from God above.

It from the devil then must be,  
And your own haughty heart;  
Now therefore, sir, be wise in time,  
And from it quickly part.

*A Poem by way of paraphrase on the last chapter of  
Solomon's Proverbs, from the 19th verse: being a  
true picture of the Virtuous Woman.*

**T**HE girl whose beauty's in her mind,  
Thrice happy youth who her can find.  
Her to obtain shall be my prayer,  
She'd sweeten life and ease my care.  
Her husband may in her confide,  
As from his int'rest she can't slide,  
She being to virtue so inclin'd,  
He's blest indeed who her can find.  
She'll always do her husband good;  
Submissive be, and noways proud:  
She'll all her life no ill him do,  
But to his int'rest still keep true.  
She wool and flax doth sure prepare,  
She of his int'rest has such care.  
She's like the merchant-ship so good,  
Who goes afar to bring us food:  
She rises while it is yet night,  
And works with all her very might;  
Her household she gives early meat,  
To strengthen them in this frail state:  
A field she does consider well,  
Then tempts the owner it to sell,

With



With money largely in his hand,  
 As she has it at her command.  
 She on this field does then prepare,  
 A vineyard good with special care;  
 She with her hands most willingly,  
 The spindle and the distaff ply:  
 She reacheth forth her hands indeed,  
 Supplies the poor in time of need:  
 The needy she doth joyful make,  
 When of her bounty they partake.  
 She's not afraid of storm nor snow,  
 As all her household she makes go,  
 In scarlet of the brightest red,  
 Which causes them no cold to dread:  
 She for herself coverings prepare,  
 Of tap'stry fine, by her great care;  
 She silk and purple, blue doth take,  
 And to herself fine clothing make:  
 Her husband she makes clearly known,  
 Her virtue bright on him is shewn;  
 He's drest so clean and very grand,  
 When set with elders of the land.  
 She makes fine linen, sells it then,  
 Unto the best of merchant men,  
 That so her money she may have,  
 When that her linen they receive.  
 With strength and honour she's girt round,  
 No base designs in her are found.  
 In her own works she shall rejoice  
 In time to come, with cheerful voice.  
 She's wise in speech, and kind in heart;  
 From virtue she can ne'er depart.  
 She looketh well her household to,  
 And finds them still some work to do.  
 Herself no idler is indeed,  
 But cheerfully works for her bread.  
 She's early up, not soon to bed;  
 The man who finds her may be glad

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Her children all before her rise;  
 Not one of them can her despise.  
 They bless her all, she's blest to find  
 How they obey her will and mind.  
 Her husband he can't but her praise,  
 And well he may, for him she'd ease;  
 She takes such care of ev'ry thing;  
 O well may he rejoice and sing,  
 O many daughters has done well,  
 But may she them all far excell,  
 That virtuous one whom I shall find,  
 I pray this from my heart and mind.  
 Sure favour languish will and die,  
 And beauty fast away will fly;  
 But she to God whose heart is pure,  
 Her praise for ever shall endure.  
 No worldly grace can long remain;  
 Virtue without God's fear is vain.  
 But she who fears the Lord alone,  
 Shall happy be when time is gone.  
 Give her but what her hands produce,  
 She's not profuse to make abuse;  
 Let them but praise her in the gate,  
 Till she is crown'd in the next state.  
 This subject now I have discuss'd,  
 Methinks the paraphrase is just;  
 For sure I am 'tis near the text,  
 In no dark phrase the sense perplex't.  
 Great liberty the poets use;  
 The most of them does it abuse.  
 On every subject that they write,  
 They show so much their own conceit.  
 I wish the poets all would think,  
 And not profusely spend their ink,  
 How truth and plainness far exceed  
 The airy flights most poets breed.

*An Acrostic on Providence.*

P rotect me, Lord, where'er I go;  
 R escue me from each dang'rous foe.  
 O may I still in thee confide;  
 V ain are all other hopes beside.  
 I n thee alone may I rely,  
 D id Jesus give for me to die.  
 E nlive me with patience here,  
 N ever to think my lot severe.  
 C alm and serene may I resign,  
 E ver submit my will to thine.

*An Elegy on the Death of Mrs CHAPLIN, Kimell.*

**O** Death! thou foe of human life,  
 Cut down thou hast a loving wife,  
 And left her husband to bemoan,  
 And cry, alas! his comforts gone:  
 The partner of his joys and fears,  
 He cannot but lament in tears.  
 His loss indeed is wond'rous great,  
 Perhaps regain'd not in this state.  
 Her nature was so mild and meek,  
 So pleasantly to him did speak:  
 In ev'ry circumstance of life,  
 Serene, and far remov'd from strife:  
 So tender-hearted and discreet,  
 In many graces most compleat.  
 What patience ever she did show,  
 In all her trials here below:  
 So humble, lowly in her mind,  
 To ev'ry one exceeding kind:  
 Open and free without reserve,  
 Kind to the lowest her did serve.

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O cruel death! what should I say,  
 Who took this useful life away;  
 Depriv'd her of all vital breath;  
 The best, the virtuous falls by death.  
 Alas! alas! her husband cries,  
 My comforts, pleasures, here all dies!  
 I cannot cease to mourn and weep,  
 My loving wife is fall'n asleep:  
 She sleeps in Jesus, I dare say;  
 Come then and wash your tears away.  
 Why should you murmur and repine;  
 Be calm, to Providence resign.  
 As she was fill'd with virtuous light,  
 The joyful beatifical sight,  
 Transports her soul with endless joys,  
 And pleasures new which never cloy.  
 Take comfort Christian, weep no more;  
 But patiently that God adore,  
 Who still preserves you here in life,  
 So glorified your virtuous wife.

But why should I this good man teach,  
 Who zealously and oft does preach?  
 No one, I hear, in all the round,  
 More often in their duty's found.  
 I've only brought these truths to mind,  
 In hopes some comfort he will find.  
 May God him comfort in distress,  
 And crown his labours with success.  
 This shepherd diligent long spare,  
 Who of the flock has such a care,  
 In bringing wand'ring sinners home,  
 Into the fold of thy dear Son.  
 Kind Reverend Sir, I now must end,  
 So far from thinking I'd offend.  
 I humbly hope you'll me excuse;  
 If wrong, correct my feeble muse.



*A Paraphrase on the 3d chapter of the gospel by John,  
from the beginning.*

- T**HERE was a man, a Pharisee.  
Among that sect not mean,  
Call'd Nicodemus, he's describ'd  
A ruler to have been.  
2 This ruler, he to Jesus came  
By night, when he should sleep;  
Methinks by this he sure design'd  
His rulership to keep:  
3 For well he knew if he confess  
His faith in God's dear Son,  
Their council then wou'd him cast out,  
His mission him take from.  
4 This Nicodemus I must think,  
The Passover he'd been;  
When Christ the temple purg'd and cleans'd,  
That miracle he'd seen.  
5 And many miracles he'd seen,  
Upon that festal day;  
Which moved him to come to Christ,  
To hear what he would say.  
6 He Christ address'd, and Rabbi said,  
That God was sure with him;  
The miracles which you perform,  
Has me convinc'd within.  
7 Then Jesus said, I verily  
The truth to thee will show;  
The first step is the second birth,  
Which you must undergo.  
8 I verily declare to you,  
This truth affirm'd by me,  
Except you're born of God again,  
God's kingdom you can't see.  
9 Then Nicodemus spake and said,  
Your doctrine I do fear;

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- Can man, when old, become a child,  
 His mother him to bear?  
 10 But Nicodemus ignorance  
 Did here expose to view;  
 And yet if nat'ral understood,  
 His argument was true.  
 11 His cavil then made surely Christ  
 The phrase for to explain,  
 And show he meant not nat'ral birth,  
 By being born again.  
 12 The nat'ral man, says Christ, is flesh,  
 Conceive'd and born in sin;  
 But he whose born again of God,  
 God's spirit is in him.  
 13 I verily, and verily,  
 This truth to you declare,  
 Except you're born of God by grace,  
 His kingdom you can't heir.  
 14 It cannot be that e'er you can  
 God's kingdom enter in,  
 Whilst you are dead in trespasses,  
 The child of wrath and sin.  
 15 But marvel not, I said to thee,  
 You must be born again;  
 You cannot know the works of God,  
 The search for you is vain.  
 16 The wind blows when and where it lists,  
 Beyond the power of man;  
 Man hears the sound, but knows not this,  
 The place from whence it came.  
 17 Nor where it goes he cannot tell,  
 When it away does fly;  
 The second birth is plainly so,  
 To man a mystery.  
 18 Thus Nicodemus now reply'd,  
 These things how can they be;  
 I cannot them believe, he said,  
 They seem so dark to me.

- 19 Then Jesus said, Art thou a guide,  
 Israel to teach and learn;  
 Whereas the frame and state of man,  
 You cannot it discern.  
 20 We verily speak that we know,  
 Concerning Adam's sin;  
 We see'd when he first broke our law,  
 In Paradise within;  
 21 My Father's witness you reject,  
 When my words you resist;  
 For I in him, and he in me,  
 Eternally subsist.  
 22 If I have told you earthly things,  
 And them you disbelieve;  
 If heavenly things I speak to you,  
 No credit you will give.  
 23 For none hath yet ascended up,  
 Where God makes his abode,  
 But he who came from thence himself,  
 Who's the incarnate God.  
 24 For tho' on earth with you I speak,  
 As now the Son of Man,  
 In heaven, upon God's throne I sit,  
 Existing in I AM.  
 25 As Moses in the wilderness,  
 The serpent lifted high;  
 Even so on earth the Son of man,  
 He lifted up must be.  
 26 When any Israelite was plagu'd,  
 And wounded for his sin,  
 Look'd on the serpent God set up,  
 His life remain'd in him.  
 27 Even so whoe'er believes in me,  
 In sin he shall not die;  
 Eternal life I'll give to him,  
 If he on me rely.  
 28 For God so lov'd a guilty world,  
 Who had themselves undone;  
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- So lov'd indeed, as made him send  
To them his only Son.
- 29 God gave his own begotten Son,  
Man to redeem and save,  
That whosoever believes in him,  
Eternal life might have.
- 30 God did not send his only Son,  
With an avenging rod;  
No hard commission he brought down  
From heaven, the throne of God.
- 31 He came not to condemn the world;  
The world he came to save;  
And take from death its bitter sting,  
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 32 He that believeth then on him,  
God's law does not condemn:  
Christ came God's law for to fulfill,  
And ransom guilty men.
- 33 He that believeth not on him,  
Nor on him does rely,  
Condemn'd indeed is by God's law;  
For breaking it must die.
- 34 Because God's Son he has despis'd,  
Believ'd not in his name,  
For slighting Christ he is condemn'd,  
Sure God he cannot blame.
- 35 When God in mercy sent his Son,  
To take away his sin;  
God's greatest gift he then despis'd,  
Believed not on him.
- 36 For every one who loves his sin,  
The light of God doth shun;  
He darkness loves, and hates the light  
Of God's begotten Son.
- 37 He wickedness does still practise;  
His evil deeds doth love;  
And therefore comes he not to Christ,  
Lest he should them reprove.



- 38 But he who feels this truth of God,  
Believes in his dear Son;  
He's in the light, and walks in it;  
He to great light has come.
- 39 For God's own Son, the greatest light  
That God himself could give,  
By faith he has received him,  
Yea, Christ in him does live.
- 40 He views his God now reconcil'd,  
Beheld in Jesus' face;  
Great light indeed to have from Christ,  
This legacy of peace.
- 41 This peace of God his knowledge pass,  
And fills his heart and mind,  
With love to God, and his dear Son,  
For light'ning him when blind.
- 42 He now rejoices in this light,  
And makes it shine abroad;  
And manifests by doing so,  
That he's a child of God.

*A Poem on Death.*

**D**EATH! what is death, that awful king,  
Such terrors unto mortals bring!  
Who cuts the tender thread of life,  
And parts the husband and the wife.  
Death! what is death, I cannot say,  
Who rules with such a mighty sway.  
He must be terrible indeed,  
Who kills the whole of Adam's seed.  
Death! what is death, I cannot tell,  
Who opes the door of heaven or hell.  
The body kills, the soul torments,  
Of those who never here repent.  
The second death shall thee devour,  
Thy cruel king has mighty power.

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Thy soul with devils he will join,  
 If not delivered here in time.  
 The devil by a treacherous wile,  
 The happy pair did first beguile:  
 He them entic'd to break God's word,  
 Which gave to death a bitter sword.  
 This tyrant well this sword can wield,  
 For ever since he's kept the field;  
 And mortal prov'd in every age;  
 None could escape his furious rage.  
 Yea Jesus, our high priest and Lord,  
 He smote with this his bitter sword;  
 But Jesus he, and he alone,  
 Both victory and salvation won.  
 The sharpness of Death's sword and sting,  
 Was broke by our almighty King.  
 Believers now should sing indeed,  
 Our Lord has broke the serpent's head.  
 Jesus death and hell o'ercame;  
 Salvation to the worthy Lamb!  
 Believer now exult and cry,  
 O Death where is thy victory?  
 High thanks, eternal thanks we owe  
 'To God, who lov'd us mortals so,  
 As his own Son did freely give,  
 In order we might ever live.  
 Immoveable then always prove,  
 Constrain'd by this your Master's love,  
 Who freely came your foes to quell,  
 And ransom you from death and hell.  
 Be stedfast, O believer then,  
 Knowing your labour is not vain.  
 If to the death you faithful prove,  
 With life God you will crown above.  
 Rejoicing then go on your way,  
 Believe your Lord, and him obey.  
 Rely and place your hope alone,  
 On God's mercy, through his dear Son.

*An antidote 'gainst fear of death,  
I wish to sing with my last breath.*

- To this vain world I'll bid adieu,  
With all its glist'ring toys;  
I hope for what my Saviour's done;  
To taste more lasting joys.
- 2 Tho' I a sinner great have been,  
For sinners Jesus came;  
I trust my sins are all forgiv'n,  
Through Christ the precious Lamb;
- 3 Who came from heaven the Father's will,  
That he alone should do;  
The mercy of Jehovah's great,  
His favours ever new.
- 4 If God gave man his only Son,  
To ransom him from wrath,  
O why should I be terrified,  
At the approach of death.
- 5 In God's word I must firmly trust,  
That mercies are with him;  
Yea store of merit in Christ's blood,  
To pardon all my sin.
- 6 As God a God of mercy is,  
A Being full of love,  
It cannot be that he to man  
But merciful must prove.
- 7 In mercy I shall wholly trust,  
Lord grant me mercy then;  
As I believe thy holy word,  
None seeks thy face in vain.
- 8 Into thy hands, Almighty God,  
My spirit I resign;  
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Take this poor soul of mine.

*F. I. N. I. S.*

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Each in his sphere and way.

6 MA 50